

T H E W H I G S No Plunderers.

I.

IF running the Nation in Debt
Nine Millions be nothing at all,
By a Whiggish ill-managing Set
Of Men, whom we Plunderers call.

*Then the Whigs are no Plunderers 'tis a sure sign,
Because in their Hands they have got all our Coin.*

II.

If the VWhigs who cry'd out aloud
VVe are Rich and all Money'd-Men,
To be Plunderers can't be avow'd,
Tho' such notable Cheats all, O then!

*That Volpone's no Plunderer 'tis a sure sign,
VWho has Gam'd away Nightly so much of our Coin.*

III.

Yet was a good Husband indeed,
For letting a Widow so poor,
For want of her Own, thorow Need,
Expire at the Tr--s-y Door.

*Hence Volpone's no Plunderer 'tis a sure sign,
Who like a good Man took such care of our Coin.*

IV.

Alas! he is scarce worth a Groat,
The Party think fit to declare;
Yet the fly Fox may chance to be caught,
(For all his fine VViles) in the Snare.

*But Volpone's no Plunderer 'tis a sure Sign,
By his Shipping, and Sinking, and Losing our Coin.*

V.

If Three Hundred Thousand a Year
Or more, by a Subject is gain'd,
And none of it ever comes here,
In Time the whole Land may be drain'd.

*Yet that he is no Plunderer 'tis a sure sign,
Who in Foreign Banks hoards so much of our Coin.*

VI.

And now to his Friends I appeal,
What Post he deserves for his Life,
As a Friend to our Common-weal,
VWho generous is, like his VVife.

*And he is no Plunderer, 'tis a true sign,
VWho's so frugal at Home and Abroad of our Coin.*

VII.

O thou Bank at *Amsterdam* speak!
O thou Bank of *Venice* declare!
How much of our Coin ye partake?
Let *Genoa's* Bank tell her share.

*Th' Ingrate is no Plunderer, 'tis a sure sign,
VWho in foreign Banks hoards so much Coin.*

VIII.

No Management's ill in a Saint;
Nine Millions! a trifle indeed:
VWhat Cause against them of complaint,
VWhom Heaven for Cheats has decreed?

*Thus the VWhigs are no Plunders, 'tis a sure sign,
VWhile Predestination cheats us of our Coin.*

IX.

There is no resistance of Fate
VWhen two such clean Contraries close;
He fam'd for Down-looks in the State,
And she for the Toss of her Nose.

*Thus VWhigs are no Plunderers, 'tis a sure sign,
'Tis Predestination cheats us of our Coin.*

X.

O may our good QUEEN still be blest,
Her Friends long about her enjoy;
Long, long of her Throne be possess'd,
And nothing her Pleasures annoy.

*For there's None now can Plunder Us, 'tis a sure sign,
Since the Best of all Subjects takes care of our Coin.*